(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.) (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdougal, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggie with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden hut in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropoid ape skeleton and a living inhuman creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his room have appeared from nowhers, black boxes, one containing diamonds torn from a lovely throat by a pair of armiess, threatening hands, both with sarcastic, threatening notes signed by the inscrutable hands. He is arrested for the murder of his valet, Ross Brown, and a Miss Quigg, in his rooms, Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig, the professor's valet. Lenora is abducted by the threatening hands, but is rescued. Quest clears himself of the murder charge, but falls to trap Craig. In his rooms another black box appears in the rifled safe and, returning the diamonds a second time, the secompanying note tells him he has no chance against the inherited cunning of ages.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT. THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XVI. OMETHING in the nature of conference was proceeding in Quest's study. The professor was there, seated in the most comfortable easy chair, smoking without relish one of his host's best cigars, watching with nervous impatience the closed door. Laura and Lenora were seated at the table, dressed for the street. They had the air of being prepared for some excursion. Quest, realizing the professor's highly-strung state, had left him alone for a few moments and was studying a map of New York. The latter, however, was too ill at ease

to keep silent for long.
"Our friend French," he remarked. "gave you no clue, I suppose, as to the direction in which his investigations are leading him"

Quest glanced up from the map. 'None at all. I know, however, that the house in which Lenora here was confined is being watched closely." The professor glanced across toward he table before which Lenora was

"It seems strange," he continued
"that the young lady should have so littie to tell us about her incarceration."
Lenora shivered for a moment.
"What could there be to tell," she
asked, "except that it was all horrible,
and that I felt things—felt dangers—
which I couldn't describe."
The professor gave vent to an impatient little exclamation.

which I couldn't describe."

The professor gave vent to an impatient little exciamation.

"I am not speaking of fancles." he persisted. "You had food brought to you, for instance. Could you never see the hand which placed it inside your room? Could you hear nothing of the fcotsteps of the person who brought it? Could you not even surmise whether it

were a man or a woman? Lenora answered him with an evident effort. She had barely, as yet, recoveffort. She had barely, as yet, recovered from the shock of those awful

"The persons who brought me the food," she said, "came at night—never in the daytime. I never heard anything. in the daytime. I never heard anything.
The most I ever saw was cnce—I happened to be looking toward the door and saw a pair of hands—nothing more—setting down a tray. I shricked and called out. I think that I slmost fainted. When I found courage enough to look, there was nothing there but the tray upon the floor."You never heard, for instance, the rustling of a gown or the sound of a

could not even say whether your jailer Was man or woman?" Lenora shook her head.

"All that I ever heard was the opening of the door. All that I ever saw was that pair of hands. One night I fancied-but that must have been You fancied what?" the professor

That I saw a pair of eyes glaring at me." Lenora replied, "eyes without any human body. I know that I ran round the room, calling out. When I dared to look again there was nothing there. The professor sighed as he turned

away.
"It is evident, I am afraid," he said. "that Miss Lenora's evidence will help no one. As an expert in these affairs, Quest, does it not seem to you that her imprisonment was just a little purposeless? There seems to have been attempt to harm her in any way."
"Whoever took the risk of abducting

"Quest pointed out, grimly, "d'd it a purpose. That purpose would bably have become developed in However we look at it, Ashleigh, there was only one man who must have been anxious to get her the way, and that man was The professor's manner betrayed some

excitement "Then will you tell me this?" he de-"The young lady is confident that she locked Craig up in the coach house and that the key was on the out-side of the door, a fact which would prevent the lock being picked from in-side, even if such a thing were possible. The window is small, and up almost in Will you tell me how Craig escaped from the coach house in order out this abduction-all within few minutes, mind, of his having been left there? Will you tell me that, Mr. Sanford 'Quest?' the piofessor on-cluded, with a note of triumph in his

"That's one of the troubles we are up against." Quest admitted. "We have to remember this, though. The brain that planned the two murders here, that stole and restored Mrs. Rheinholdt's jewels, that sends us those little billets-doux from time to time, is quite capable of finding a way out of a jerry-built garage."

The proffessor sniffed. He turned once more to Lenora.

"Young lady," he sa'd, "I will ask you this I do not wish to seem on making in about that house I couldn't the proffessor in the capable of the confided, lowering his tone a little. "Had some information in about that house I couldn't

once more to Lenora.

"Young lady." he sa'd. "I will ask you this. I do not wish to seem obstinate in my refusal to accept Craig's guilt as proved, but I would like to "Say who are you guying!" she reput this simple question to you. Craig's demeanor during your conver-sation seem to you to indicate the mas-ter criminal? Did he seem to you to be possessed of supreme courage, of mar-velous intelligence?"

Lenora smiled very faintly "I'm afraid." she replied. "that this time I'll have to satisfy the professor. He was white and trembling all the time. I though him an arrant The professor smiled beautifully as he

glanced around. He had the air of one propounding an unanswerable problem. You hear what Miss Lenora says? ask you whether a man who even new the meaning of the word fear could have carried out these ghastly

"I have known cases." Quest observed, "where the most cold-blooded criminals in the world have been stricken with the most deadly fear when it has come to a question of any personal danger. However," he added, "here comes our friend French. I have an idea that he

has something to tell us. They glanced expectantly toward the door as French entered. The inspector who was looking very spruce and well-brushed, wished them a general good-morning. His eyes rested last and longwho seemed, however,

"Now then, French." Quest began, as he returned his greeting, "take a cigar, triumphantly toward the inspector.

make yourself comfortable in that chair and let us have your news. As you see, we have obeyed orders. We are all ready to follow you anywhere."
"It won't be to the end of the world, anyway," the inspector remarked, as he lit his cigar. "I am going to propose a little excursion down Gayson avenue way."

little excursion down Gayson avenue way."

"Back to that house?" Lenora exclaimed with a grimace.

The inspector nodded.

"We have had those boys at the station," he went on, "and we have questioned them carefully. It seems that after they had picked up the ball, a man came out of the side entrance of the house, saw them reading Miss Lenora's message, and shouted after them. The boys had sense enough to scoot. The man ran after them but had to give it up. Here is their description of him."

The inspector took a piece of paper from his pocket. They all waited breathlessly.

lessly.

"Had to drag this out of the boys, bit by bit," the inspector proceeded, "but boiled down and put into reasonable language, this is what it comes to: A man of medium height, rather thin, pale, and after running a short distance he put his hand to his heart, as though out of breath. One of the boys thought his nose was a little ooked, and they both remarked upon the fact that although, he shouted after them, he used no swear he shouted after them, he used no swear words but simply tried to induce them to stop. This description suggest any-thing to you, gentlemen?"

"All recollection as to its locality had | escaped me," the professor continued sorrowfully. "I remember that 't was

escaped me," the professor continued sorrowfully. "I remember that 't was on the anniversary of his having been with me for some fifteen years that I decided to show him some substantial mark of my appreciation. I knew that he was looking for a domicile for his father and mother, who are since both dead, and I requested a house agent to send me in a list of suitable residences. This, alas! was the one I purchased." Quest glanced around the place. "I think." he said, "that the professor's statement now removes any doubt as to Craig's guilt. You are sure the house has been closely watched, inspector?"

"Since I received certain information," French replied, "I have had half a dozen of my best men in the vicinity. I can assure you that no one has entered or left it during the last twenty-four hours."

They made their way to the plazza steps and entered by the front door. The house was an ordinary framework one of moderate size, in poor repair, and showing signs of great neglect. The rooms were barely furnished and their first cursory search revealed no traces of habitation. There was still the broken skylight in the room which Lenora had occupied, and the bed upon which she had slept was still crumpled. French, who had been tapping the walls downstairs, called to them. They trooped down into the hall. The in-

to the right and go down the stairs."

They all gave a little cry ss they saw him appear, a trembling, pitiful creature, glancing around like a trapped animal. He commenced to descend the stairs, holding tightly to the banisters. Quest remained on the landing above, his revolver in his hand. French waited in the hall below, also armed. Laura gripped Lenora's arm in excitement.

ment.
"They've got him now!" she exclaimed. "Got him, sure!"
On the foruth or fifth stair Craig hesitated. He suddenly saw the professor standing below. He gripped the banisters with one hand. The other he flung out in a threatening gesture.
"You've given me away to these bloodhounds!" he cried—"you, for whom I have toiled and slaved, whom I have followed all over the world, whom I have served faithfully with the last breath of my body and the last drop of blood in my veins! You have brought them here—tracked me down! You!"

You!"
The professor shook his head sor-"Craig." he said, "you have been the craig, he said, "you have been the best servant man ever had. If you are innocent of these crimes you can clear yourself. If you are guilty a dog's death is none too good for you."

Craig seemed to sway for a moment upon his feet. Only Lenora, from the hall, saw that he was fitting his right foot into what seemed to be a leather.

Quest and the inspector exchanged glances.

"He's done us!" Quest muttered, "done us like a couple of greenhorns!"

The inspector's rubicund countenance was white with fury. His head kept turning in the direction of Laura, to whom the professor was busy rendering first aid.

first aid. "If I never take another job on as long as I live," he declared, "I'll have that fellow before I'm through!"

CHAPTER XVII. The professor roused himself from

what had apparently been a very gloomy reverle. "Well." he announced. must go home. It has been very kind of you, Mr. Quest, to keep me here for

so long."

Quest glanced at the clock. "Don't hurry, Mr. Ashleigh," he said. We may get some news at any moment. French has a dozen men out on the search, and he has promised to ring me up immediately he hears anything." The professor sighed.

"A man," he declared, "who for death is none too good for you."

Craig seemed to sway for a moment upon his feet. Only Lenora, from the hall, saw that he was fitting his right foot into what seemed to be a leather loop hanging from the banisters. Then

buoy! Wait." He crossed the room toward his desk and returned with a list in his hand. He ran his finger down it, stopped and glanced at the date.

"The Durham." he muttered, "cargo at high tide on the 18th. Lenora, is a tarpaulin, was a man in a plain black that Calendar right?"

"It's the 16th, Mr. Quest," she an-Quest crossed the room to the telephone.

"I want number one central." he said. 'thank you! Put me through to Mr. French's office. . . . Hello, French! I've got an idea. Can you come round here at once and bring an automobile? I he gianced at cuest at little docks—not fully, what is this show?" he asked. where the passenger steamers start Guest opened his coat and displayed from—lower down. . . Good! We'll his badge. He pointed to the inat once and bring an automobile? I

wait."
Quest hung up the receiver.
"See here, professor," he continued,
"that fellow wouldn't dare to send this
message if he weren't pretty sure of
getting off. He's made all his plans
beforehand, but it's my belief we shall
just get our hands upon him, after all.
Lenors, you'd better get along round
to the hospital. You don't come in this
time. It's hard enough to have Laura
laid up—can't risk you. There'll be a
little trouble, too, before we're through,
I'm afraid." m afraid.

Lenora sigher as she picked up her Lenora sigher as she picked up her bag.

"If it weren't for Laura," she said, "you'd find it pretty hard to keep me away. I think that if I could see the handcuffs put on that man it would be the happlest moment of my life."

"We'll get him all right." Quest promised. "Remember me to Laura."

"And present my compliments also," the professor begged.

Lenora left them. The professor, his spirits apparently a little improved by the prospect of action, accepted some whisky and a sigar. Presently they heard the automobile stop outside and French appeared.

whisky and a sigar. Presently they heard the automobile stop outside and French appeared.

"Anything doing?" he asked.

Quest showed him the card and the sailing list. The inspector nodded.

"Say, that fellow's some sport!" he remarked admiringly. "You wouldn't believe it just to look at him. That staircase this afternoon, though, kind of teaches one not to trust to appearances. So you think he's getting a move on him, Mr. Quest?"

"I think he had a truck waiting for him at the corner of Gayson avenue," Quest replied. "It was the machine my men went after. The men looked like siver thugs, although I wouldn't have thought of it if the professor hadn't used the words 'river pirates.' It's quite clear that they took Craig down to the river. There's only one likely ship sailing tonight, and that's the Durham. It's my belief Craig's on her."

The inspector glanced at the clock. "Then we've got to make tracks," he declared, "and pretty quick, too. She'll be starting from somewhere about No. 28 dock, a long way down. Come along gentlemen."

They hurried out to the automobile

They hurried out to the automobile and started off for the docks. The lat-ter part of their journey was accom-plished under difficulties, for the street plished under difficulties, for the street was packed with drays and heavy vehicles. They reached dock No. 28 at last, however, and hurried through the sied on to the wharf. There were no signs of a steamer there.

"Where's the Durham?" Quest asked one of the parters, who was just getting his team together.

The man pointed out to the middle of the river, where a small steamer was lying.

"There she is," he replied. "She'll be off in a few minutes. You'll hear the sirens directly when they begin to move down."

Already, half a mile down the river, with a trail of light behind and her siren shricking, the Durham was standing out seawards.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

LOCAL MENTION.

H. Bloch, 615 King St., Alexandria, invites you to try that most delicious of all Washington candy—Perry Jones Chocolates.

Quest led the way quickly to the edge of the wharf. There was a small tug there, the crew of which were just making her fast for the night.

"Fifty dollars if you'll take us out to the Durham and catch her before she sails." Quest shouted to the man who seemed to be the captain. "What do you

The man spat out a plug of tobacco

from his mouth.
"I'd take you to hell for \$50," he answered tersely. "Step in. We'll make it, if you look slippy."
They clambered down the iron ladder and jumped onto the deck of the tug. The captain seized the wheel. The two men who formed the crew took off their

men who formed the crew took off their coats and waistcoasts.

"Give it to her, Jim," the former ordered. "Now, then, here goes! We'll just miss the ferry."

They swung around and commenced their journey. Quest stood with his watch in his hand. They were getting

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"We'll make it all right," the captain assured them. They were within a hundred yards of the Durham when Quest gave a little

exclamation. From the other side of the steamer another tug shot out away, turning back toward New York. Hudcotton, destination Southampton, sails died up in the stern, half concealed in suit. Quest, with a little shout, recognized the man at the helm from his long brown beard. "That's one of those fellows who was

in the truck," he declared, "and that's Craig in the stern! We've got him this time. Say, captain, it's that tug I want. Never mind about the steamer. Catch it and I'll make it a hundred dollars!"

The man swung round the wheel, but he steamer. he glanced at Quest at little doubt-

"Police job. This is Inspector French.
I am Sanford Quest."
"Good enough," the man replied.
"What's the bloke wanted for?"

"What's the bloke wanted for?"
"Murder," Quest answered shortly.
"That so?" the other remarked.
"Well, you'll get him sure! He's looking pretty scared, too. You'd better keep your eyes open, though. I don't know how many men there are on board, but that tug belongs to the toughest crew up the river. Got anything handy in the way of firearms?"
Quest nodded.
"You don't need to worry," he said.
"We've automatics here, but as long as we're heading them this way they'll know the game's up."

know the game's up."

"We've got her!" the captain exclaimed. "There's the ferry and the first of the steamers coming down in the middle. They'll have to chuck it."

Right ahead of them, blazing with lights, a huge ferry came churning the river up and sending waves in their direction. On the other side, unnaturally large, loomed up the great bows of an ocean-going steamer. The tug was swung round, and they ran up alongside. The man with the beard eaned over "Say, what's your trouble?" he de-manded.

The inspector stepped forward.

"I want that man you've got under the tarpaulin." he announced. "Say, you sin't the river police?"
"I'm Inspector French from head"T'm reply. "The quarters," was the curt reply. "The sooner you hand him over, the better

"Do you hear that, O'Toole?" the other remarked, turning around. "Get up, you blackguard!" A man rose from underneath the offskin. He was wearing Craig's clothes, but his face was the face of a stranger. As quick as lightning Quest swung round in his place. "He's fooled us again!" he exclaimed.

'Head her round, captain-back to Dur-The sailor shook his head.

"We've lost our chance, guvnor," he pointed out. "Look!"

Quest set his teeth and gripped the inspector's arm. The place where the Durham had been anchored was empty.
Already, half a mile down the river,
with a trail of light behind and her

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"Craig," Lenora said firmly. "It is a very accurate description of Craig," Sanford Quest agreed.
The professor looked troubled, also a little perplexed. He said nothing, how-

little perplexed. He said nothing, however.

"Under these circumstances," the inspector continued. "I have had the house watched, and I propose that we now search it systematically. It is very possible that something may transpire to help us. Of course, my men went through it roughly when we brought Miss Lenora away, but that wasn't anything of a search to count, if the place really has become a haunt of place really has become a haunt of

"What about the ownership of the house" Quest asked, as he took up his

The inspector nodded approvingly.
"I am making a few inquiries in that lirection," he announced. "I expect to direction," he announced. have something to report very shortly."

The professor stood drawing on his gloves. The vague look of trouble still lingered in his face.

"Tell me again," he begged, "the name of the avenue in which this residence is

situated? "Gayson avenue." the inspector re-plied. "It's a bit out of the way but it's not a bad neighborhood." not a bad neighborhood."

The professor repeated the address to himself softly. For a moment he stood quite still. His manner showed signs of growing anxiety. He seemed to be established. That is to say, that some-

trying to remember something.
"The name," he admitted finally, as "That's one of the troubles we are up that is if the young ladies are willing?" that is if the young ladies are willing? against." Quest admitted. "We have he added, glancing at Laura.

morning. Miss Laura."
"Say, who are you guying!" she replied. "I mean it." the inspector persisted.

That hat seems to suit you."
Laura laughed at the top of her voice.
"Say kid," she exclaimed to Lenora. inspector here's setting up as a udge of millinery!"

Lenora turned and looked at then both with an air of blank astonishment.
The inspector was a little embarrassed.
"No need to give me away like that,"
he muttered, as they reached the hall.
"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, if

you are ready."

They took their places in the automobile and drove off. As they neared the vicinity of Gayson avenue the pro-fessor began to show signs of renewed uneasiness. When they drew un at last outside the house he gave a little exlamation. His face was grave, almost haggard.

haggard.
"Mr. Quest." he said. "Inspector French. I deeply regret that I have a statement to make."
They both turned quickly toward him. The inspector smiled in a confidential manner at Laura. It was obvious that he knew what was coming.
"Some years ago," the professor constituted "I bought this house and made.

"Some years ago," the professor con-tinued. "I bought this house and made "To my servant Craig," the professor "To my servant coan admitted with a groan. She turned

spector was standing before what appeared to be an ordinary panel.

"Look here," he said, glancing out of the corner of his eye to be sure that Laura was there. "let me show you what I have just discovered."

He felt with his thumb for a spring. In a moment or two a portion of the wall, about two feet in extent, slowly revolved, disclosing a small cupboard

revolved, disclosing a small cupbe fitted with a telephone instrument. "A telephone," the inspector re-marked, pointing to it, "in an occupied house and a concealed cupboard. What

do you think of that?" The professor shook his head.
"Don't ask me," he groaned.
French took the receiver from its rest

and called up the exchange.
"Inspector French speaking," he announced. "Kindly tell me what is the number of the telephone from which I am speaking, and who is the sub-

He listened to the reply and asked anthe listened to the other question.
"Can you tell me when this instrument was last used? \* \* \* When?

The inspector hung up the receiver.

"The subscriber's name." he told
them, dryly, "is Brown. The number is
not entered in the book, by request.

"Then if your men have maintained they moved towards the door, "suggests their search properly, that someone," to me, I must confess—we are going to see the house, inspector?"

"We are on our way there now, sir—"

"Without a doubt," the inspector agreed. "I should like to suggest," went on, "that the two young ladies wait for us now in the automobile. If this man turns out as degenerate as he has shown himself ingenious, there may

one spoke from this telephone.

a little trouble They both protested vigorously. Quest shrugged his shoulders.
"They must decide for themselves," he said. "Personally, I like Lenora, who has had less experience of such adventures, to grow accustomed to danger

With your permission, inspector am going to search the front room on he first floor before we do anything I think that if you wait here I

be able to show you something Quest ascended the stairs and entered a wholly unfurnished room on the left-hand side. He looked for a minute conemplatively at a large but rather shalow cupboard, the door of which stood pen, and tapped lightly with his foreinger upon the back part of it. Then he withdrew a few feet and, drawing out his revolver, deliberately fired into the floor, a few inches inside. There was a half stifled cry. The false back suddenly swung open and a man rushed Quest's revolver covered him, but there was no necessity for its use. Craig, smothered with dust, his face white as a piece of marble, even his jaw white as a piece of marble, even his jaw shaking with fear, was wholly unarmed. He seemed, in fact, incapable of any form of resistance. He threw himself upon his knees before Quest.

"Save me!" he begged. "Help me to get away from this house. You don't belong to the police. I'll give you every penny I have in the world to let me go!"

was a pitiful-looking object, but a single look into Quest's face showed him
the folly of any sort of appeal.

"Walk out of the room." Quest ordered, "in front of me-so! Now turn the man admitted." "Could he have come from this
house?" French asked sternly.

"Guest orfront door he might just have done it,"

"Could he have come from this
house?" French asked sternly.

"He was silent for a moment. Then he
turned suddenly to the professor.

"What did you call those men in the

a wild shout of surprise broke from outside the laws of probability. Perthe lips of all of them, followed by a schally, I do not believe that I shall moment of stupefied wonder. The ever again see the face of my servant, whole staircase suddenly began to revolve. Craig clinging to the bantaters. disappeared. Another set of stair, almost identical to the first, had taken their place.

"The cellar!" Quest shouted, as he rushed down the stairs. "Quick!" They wrenched open the wooden door and hurried down the dark steps into the gloomy unlit cellar. The place was crowded with packing cases and two large wine barrels stood in the cor-ner. At the farther end was a door. Quest rushed for it and stood on guard. A moment later, however, he called to Laura and pressed his revolver into

"Stand there," he ordered, "Shoot him If he tries to run out. I'll search in the packing cases. He might be dan-

The professor, out of breath, was leaning against one of the pilars, his arm passed around it for support. Lenora, with Quest and French, searched hastily amongst the packing cases. Sud-denly there was a loud crack, the sound of falling masonry, followed by a scream from Laura. French, with a roar of anger, rushed toward her. She

was lying on her side, already half covered by falling bricks and masonry. He dragged her away, just in time. "My God, she's fainted!" he exclaimed. "I haven't," Laura faltered, trying to open her eyes, "and I'm not going to, but I think was my abroker and my but I think my arm's broken, and my side hurts "The fellow's not down here, anyway," Quest declared. "Let's help her upstairs and get her out of this

devil's house. supported her up the steps and found a chair for her in the hall. She was white almost to the lips, but she struggled bravely to keep conscious

"Don't you bother about me," she begged. "Don't let that blackguard go. You find him. I shall be all right." You find him. I shall be all right.

The inspector swung open the telephone cupboard and called for an ambulance. Then Quest, who had been examining the staircase, suddenly gave little exclamation. "He's done us!" he cried. "Look here, French, this is the original staircase.
There's the leather loop. I know it
because there was a crack on the fourth
stair. When we rushed down the cellar after him, he swung the thing round lar after him, he swung the thing round again and simply walked out of the front door. Damn it, man, it's open!"
They hurried outside. French blew has whistle. One of the pialn-clothes men came running up from the avenue. He was looking a little sheepish.
"What's wrong?" French demanded.
"He's gone off," was the unwilling reply. "I guess that chap's given us the slip."

the slip. Speak up," French insisted.

"Get up." he ordered.

Very slowly Craig obeyed him. He was a pltiful-looking object, but a sintie look into Quest's face showed him.

Stroll round and see what it was up to when Jim, who was on the other side, shouted out. A man jumped up into it and they made off at once."

"Could he have

tirely solve the mystery of those murders and the theft of the Rheinholdt Jewels." Lenora, who, with her hat on, was

packing a small bag at the other end of the room, glanced up for a moment. "The man is a demon!" she exclaimed. "He would have sacrificed us all if he could. When I think of poor Laura he could. When I think of poor Laura
Iving there in the hospital, crushed almost to death so that he could save his
miserable carcass, and realize that he
is free, I feel—"
She stopped short. Quest looked at her
and nodded.
"Don't mind hurting our feelings,
Lenora," he said. "French and I are
up against it all right Were second."

Lenora, he said. French and I are up against it all right. We're second best, at the present moment—I'll admit that—but the end hasn't come yet." 'I am sorry,' she murmured. 'I was led away for a moment. But, Mr. Quest,' she went on piteously, 'can't we do something? Laura's so brave. She tried to laugh when I left her an hour ago, but I could see all the time that she was suffering agony. Fancy a man doing that to a woman! It makes me feel that to a woman. It makes me feel that I can't rest or sleep. I think that when I have left the hospital I shall just walk up and down the streets and

just walk up and down the streets and watch and search."
Quest shook his head.
"That sort of thing won't do any good," be declared. "It isn't any use, Lenora, working without a plan. That's why I'm here now, waiting. I want to formulate a plan."
"Who are we," the professor asked drearily, "to make plans against a fiend like that? What can we do against men who have revolving staircases and trolley-loads of river pirates waiting for them? You may be a scientific criminosist, Quest, but that fellow Craig is a scientific criminal, if ever there was one." Quest crossed the room toward his

cigar cabinet, and opened it. His little start was apparent to both of them. Lenora laid down the bag which she had just lifted up. The professor leaned lorward in his chair.

"Whit is it, Quest?" he demanded. Quest stretched out his hand and picked up from the top of the cigars a small black box! He laid it on the

table

"Unless I am very much mistaken," he salu, "it is another communication from our mysterious friend." "Impossible!" the professor exclaimed "How can he have been here?" Le nora cried. Quest removed the lid from the box quest removed the lid from the box and drew out a circular card. Around the outside edge was a very clever pen and ink sketch of a lifebuoy, and in-side the margin were several sentences of clear handwriting. In the middle was

the signature—the clenched hands Quest read the message aloud: "In the great scheme of things, the clenched hands! Supreme Ruler of the Universe divided an inheritance amongst His children. To one He gave power, to another strength, to another beauty, but to His

his cigar.
Every message," he said, speaking
to himself, "has had some signifihalf to himself. cance. What does this mean-a life

vorites He gave cunning They all looked at one another. "What does it mean?" Lenora gasped.
"A lifebuoy!" the professor murmured. They both stared at Quest, who re mained silent, chewing hard at the end

How often we have heard this

at once! Go to O'Donnell's Drug